

# HANDSOME HARRY

## STORIES OF LAND AND SEA.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the N. Y. Post Office by Frank Tousey

No. 16.

NEW YORK, MAY 12, 1899.

Price 5 Cents.



Ching-Ching's ring was answered by a creature so gorgedus that even the bold ringer and Samson were for the moment slightly staggered. "Well?" said the man. "Is de Lor' Mary in?" asked Ching-Ching.



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## Handsome Harry and the Missing Bride; OR, THE SEARCH FOR JUANITA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDSOME HARRY."

### CHAPTER I.

CHING-CHING AND Z 1622.

We often hear our friends talk about the sights of the metropolis and country cousins grow enthusiastic as they describe its streets, its buildings, and its places of amusement, but those who were permitted to behold Ching-Ching during his stay always put him first and foremost.

Ching-Ching and Samson were indeed worth looking at.

To see them out, arm-in-arm, Samson bareheaded and muscular, with a look of huge delight upon his face, and Ching-Ching, calm, confident, overcome by nothing, and equal to any emergency, was a thing to remember and talk of until our heads are gray. It is all nonsense to say, as some people will say, that you may dress anyhow and do anything you like in London without being noticed, for the two heroes we have mentioned are, and were, living proofs to the contrary.

As our readers may like to know what took place upon these occasions, we will endeavor to faintly and briefly describe one of their many walks abroad.

"Sammy," said Ching-Ching, "dis am a bery fine morning."

"It am, Chingy," said Samson, as he finished off his breakfast with a smack of the

lips, which sounded like the crack of a percussion cap.

"Just de morning for a walk, Sammy?"

"It am, Chingy."

"What say you two genlyman to a fasher-able stroll in de turryfares?" continued Ching-Ching, addressing Eddard and Bill Grunt.

"I'm a-goin' to have a pipe on the leads," replied Bill Grunt; "that's the only place I can get a bit of a breeze in."

"And I'll come with you, Bill," said Eddard, "for I can't say as how that I cares for them ere walks."

"Why not, fren Eddard?" asked Ching-Ching.

"Because they allus end in some blessed row, and I get the worst of it. It's all werry well for you, as can get round a corner sharp, but what with the gratings, and the gutters, and my wooden leg, I'm allus in a mess."

"You are truly unfortlenet," said Ching-Ching, with a sympathetic air.

"It ain't all misforten," said Eddard, raising his voice, "for there are some—naming no names—who shove a man in a hole and run away and leave him there."

"Dat bery bad," said Ching-Ching.

"I'm glad you think so," returned Eddard, sniffing significantly.

"What should I tink, fren Eddard?" asked Ching-Ching, softly.



"Well," said Eddard, "I don't bear no malice, but I can't help thinking o' some o' the messes as you leaves me in. It warn't me as hailed a cab, and when it stopped, put the wooden Scotchman from the bacca shop door into it, and told the man to drive to the nearest hospital, and yet, when the man rushed out of his shop, he gave me the only kick as any of the party got, and I was heaved right on to a wheelk barrer, which the party as owned it didn't wait to reason, but gave me a black eye, which rainbows was pale to it."

"Dat was all de fault ob de man dat keep de shop," said Ching-Ching; "he got no bisseness to rush out in dat way."

"But still, you know," said Bill Grunt, with his most argumentative air, "you can't expect a man to have his images sent to the hospital without his doin' somethink."

"Den he should 'sault de right party," insisted Ching-Ching.

"That's all werry well," said Eddard, with an injured air; "but you was off like a flash of lightning, and nobody could swear who put the himage into the cab. You shouldn't do them ere things—they ain't friendly."

"Sammy," said Ching-Ching, rising like a man who had borne enough, but is resolved to endure all things quietly, "I tink dat we had berrer go, and by de time dat we come back Missa Grunt and Cutten will see dat dey are in de wrong."

"You'll have to be a long time away, then," growled Eddard.

"Sammy," said Ching-Ching, "am you ready?"

"Me am, Chingy."

"Den foller me. Good-morning, genlymen, and may de morning deflection bear a lilly ebening amusement."

Sammy and Ching-Ching went forth, the latter stopping when they got to the door to inquire how "de lubly Ottamy of roses was dat morning." Mrs. Mant simply told him not to be impudent, but to take himself off.

"Just de way ob de sects," said Ching-Ching, as he took his friend's arm on reaching the street; "you neber know when you hab dem, although dey am allus habing you. Dat lubly Ottomany was all honey last night and passed de bottle wif de freedom of a remperor, but dis morning de look ob her

face tell me dat she die afore she let me screw a timbleful out ob her. Whar shall we go, Sammy?"

"Ah, dat's it," returned Samson, "whar shall we go?"

"Hab you any choice ob distick, Sammy?"

"No, Chingy."

"Den we go to Belgravy."

Samson had never heard of Belgravia in his life, but he was content to go there so long as Ching-Ching led the way, and accordingly the precious pair moved off in that direction.

Arriving at one of the great squares of that exclusive neighborhood, Ching-Ching put on a fashionable lounging air, and fixed in his eye the shell of an eyeglass, which he had become the possessor of in one of the street rows he had been led into.

Something in the air and eyeglass offended a policeman who was on duty there, for he put on his sternest expression and stared at Ching-Ching as if he wished to awe and abash him.

Alas! for the innocence of this man, whose registered letter and number were Z 1622. He might as well have tried to knock over the pyramids with a pea-shooter, and bring a blush to the cheek of the Sphinx by reading a spicy chapter from a work by one of the lady novelists of the day.

Ching-Ching sauntered up to him and looked him straight in the face.

"Feller," he said, loftily, "gib me your number."

"Wot for?" demanded Z 1622.

"To lay afore de prime ministers and de Lor' Mary when dey come to dinner to-night," replied Ching-Ching; "you hab insulted me, and I hab you rejuiced to de cranks."

"Wot gammon is this?" said Z 1622; "get out of it—will you?"

"My fren," said Ching-Ching, "be warmed in time, as de writers ob books say, and don't go too far. P'raps you don't know who I am?"

"No, I don't," returned the official, "and I don't care."

"Sammy," said Ching-Ching, "gib him my card."

"Wurra card?" asked Samson.



"De card as was printed by de queen's mose grashy majesty printer—de one wif de blue forget-me-nots all round de name and de porteraït of de remperor at de back."

Sammy looked bewildered, as well he might, for never until that hour had he ever heard of such a card, and he stared at Ching-Ching with all the intensity he was capable of.

"Don't tell me dat you hab lef dem cards at home," said Ching-Ching, with a distressed look; "feel in your pockets."

"I hab nuffin dere but dis," replied Samson, producing half a captain's biscuit and a piece of ancient cheese, the remnants of a luncheon he took with him to the trial of Handsome Harry.

"Dat not it," said Ching-Ching; "p'raps you got a hole in your pocket, and my card hab got down de lining. Feel 'bout your legs. Wifout dat card I dussent make my fasherable morning call."

"I've had enough of this," said Z 1622, sternly. "Go on, will you?"

Ching-Ching met this order with a look of lofty scorn, and taking Samson's arm, he jassed on.

"Low-bred men, dem p'licemen," he said; "not a single rarrytescratch in de ole force. Now, Sammy, be berry prim—I jest goin' to stonish dat man, as I b'live him eye am still on us."

Ching-Ching was not mistaken; the eye of Z 1622 was on them, and that eye opened very wide indeed as our friend walked boldly up to the door of one of the best mansions in the square and rung the visitors' bell.

He thought he had made a mistake, and felt inclined to run away, but as he immediately expected his inspector on the spot, he was unable to do so.

Ching-Ching's ring was promptly answered by a creature so gorgeous that even the bold ringer was slightly staggered, and Samson, feeling that he was at least a duke, favored him with a polite bow.

"Well?" said the man.

"Is de Lor' Mary at home?" asked Ching-Ching, not being able to think of any other lord at the moment.

"Who?"

"De Lor' Mary."

The gorgeous footman looked at the pair wrathfully, but he smothered his indignation, as he was half inclined to think that he had two escaped Bedlamites to deal with, and answered, softly:

"No, he isn't. He don't live here."

"Sorry for dat," said Ching-Ching, meditatively, "for de pintment am bery partikler. Will you say dat we called?"

"I can't," said the footman; "he don't live here."

"Where am he libing den?"

"I ain't certain," said the footman, who felt that he must get rid of the visitors at any cost, "but I think you will find him two doors off."

"Tank you," said Ching-Ching, "and will you say to your massa dat de remperor Ching-Ching de first and Prince Sammy, ob de ole Carolina, hab arribed in town, and dat dey will be glad to see him any time dat he pass dere way."

"Oh, yes, I'll tell him," said the servant.

"I hab lef my card at home," continued Ching-Ching, feeling about his pockets, "but dat no marrer. Tell your massa dat p'raps I drop in 'bout dinner-time and pick a bone wif him, and if he be kind enough to have bile mutton de Prince Sammy would preciate it. Remember, de Prince Sammy ob ole Carolina. Dere am anoder Prince Sammy 'bout, but he am a rank impostler, and not worf de price ob a cotton shirt. Good-morning, young man."

"Good-morning," said the footman, and closed the door hastily.

Ching-Ching descended in triumph, and passing the astonished Z 1622, departed from the square. When he had disappeared the policeman thought the matter over calmly, but the more he thought the more he was staggered.

"He rang the visitors' bell," he mused, "and the footman was haffable, and yet—the get-up. Dash it! I can't make it out."

He was still trying to unravel the mystery when the inspector came upon his rounds. Z 1622 reported what he had seen, and the inspector turned wrathful in a moment.

"I know that fellow," he said; "there are half a dozen reports against him."



"A reg'lar bad 'un, sir," said Z 1622, eagerly.

"Well, no," replied the inspector, "he seems to be more larky than anything else, and the principal thing we have to complain of is his confounded impudence. It seems as if nobody can put him down. Even at the Old Bailey, where he drove the judge half out of his mind, he got off without a committal, but I mean to sit upon him if I can get half a chance."

"Of course you will, sir; you are just the man to do it."

The inspector smiled a smile of confidence.

"Which way did he go?" he asked.

"There was two on 'em, sir, and they went off Pimlico way."

"Two; what was the other?"

"A nigger, sir."

"Oh, I don't care so much about him," said the inspector, "for he's a quiet, harmless fellow in his way, but that cool, impudent Chinaman must be sat upon, for he's a downright wasp. Follow them up."

"Yes, sir."

"And move them on."

"Yes, sir."

"And if they resist your authority, why—why, do your duty."

"Yes, sir."

The inspector went his way, and Z 1622 followed after our friends as fast as the regulation boots would permit him to do, and he had not far to travel ere he espied his quarry.

They were looking into a tailor's shop-window, where several life-like dummies of the youth of Great Britain, dressed in complete suits, could be seen.

Ching-Ching was explaining to Sammy that they were the sons of the tailor in question, drilled to remain in a fixed attitude so many hours a day.

"Such am de cruelty ob dis barbres clime," he said, "where de parents turn a deaf an' dummy ear to de pleading ob dere gentle awfulspring, and yet look at de man smiling as he measures dat customer under the arm-holes, and tink ob de hipplecrosy ob de man. It quite enuf to make me put a brick through de glass, but my feelings too much for me. Sammy, you do it."

"Do what, Chingy?"

"Trow a brick trough de shop front, Sammy."

"But, Chingy, whar am de brick?"

"It bery mean ob de nation not purwiding dem for a sufferin' people," said Ching-Ching, looking about him. "Dere am no bricks, but I spy a turnip in de last stages ob composition. Take him in your manly fist, Sammy, open de door, and hab a shy at de tailor. Now de time, Sammy, he's a-puttin' de tape round de man's legs, and not dreaming ob de just wengeance a-coming."

"But am it right, Chingy?"

"Right!" exclaimed Ching-Ching, pointing to the dummies. "Oh, Sammy, can you look at dem lily ones, and ax a question so berry ridiklous? Now, Sammy, I am neber de man to do de wrong ting. I stand by you as you stood by me as de witness to de trufe. I will open de door, you trow de turnip."

"But, Chingy——"

"Now de moment, Sammy, he's putting de tape round de custlemer's ankles. Aim at a wital part, jus' below de waist, hit him hard, and run round de corner."

The all-confiding Sammy was not proof against the urging of his friend. The unsavory missile was picked up and thrown as Ching-Ching pushed back the door. It missed the tailor—Samson being rather a wild marksman at the best of times—but it caught a customer in the waist-coat, and knocked him over a chair upon his back on the floor, where he lay with his legs in the air, and the measuring tape dangling from his left ankle.

Z 1622 was a witness of this gross outrage, and with a cry of joy he rushed forward to make a capture.

Ching-Ching espied him just in time, dived under his hand, and fled for life and liberty.

The policeman's first idea was that Ching-Ching had melted away, but on swinging round he discovered his error, as he beheld our active friend darting round the corner.

"All right," muttered Z 1622, as he started in pursuit, "that's a blind street, and I've got you."

But what were blind streets to Ching-Ching? Finding out his error at once, he pulled up sharp and called to Sammy to stop.



Another man would have returned by the way he came, but not so Ching-Ching, who knew that such a step would only throw him into the arms of the enemy. Thereupon, instead of taking so unwise a step, he seized Sammy by the arm and dragged him into a shop.

It happened to be a hatter's, and as both Ching-Ching and Sammy seldom wore one, the step taken in haste threatened to be embarrassing. Ching-Ching met the difficulty boldly, and as the hatter came forward asked him if he "had any Pekin hats."

"Peeking hats, peeking hats," murmured the hatter, scratching his chin thoughtfully, "do you mean hats with peaks?"

"No, Pekin hats, regly Pekin hats," returned Ching-Ching. "Sammy," aside to Samson, "see if dat rascal p'liceman am 'bout; look trough de windy."

"He's looking up and down wif a confused face," replied Samson.

"What are peeking hats?" asked the hatter; "perhaps it's only a name. We have the newest articles. For instance, here is our Duke of Mulbery hat, real beaver, eight and six."

"Dat not de ting," murmured Ching-Ching. "Sammy, what am he doing now?"

"Leanin' agin de post and chewing de forefinger ob him glove," replied Samson.

"De perwersity of dem 'pressers ob de people," murmured Ching-Ching. "Whar am de liberty ob de subject if all de perlice am lowed to lean agin de posts and eat de glufs purwided by de nation?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the hatter, "what did you say?"

"If you hab no Pekin hats," said Ching-Ching, "p'raps you hab some mandarin caps."

"Mangling caps," said the hatter, who was just a little deaf; "never heard on 'em, sir. We have bakers' caps, and engine drivers' caps, boys' caps, men's caps, youths' caps, military and naval caps."

"None ob dem am what I want," returned Ching-Ching.

"Then I'm sorry to say, sir, that I've nothing more to show you," said the hatter, shortly, seeing that there was no chance of doing business.

"I don't know what to do den," muttered Ching-Ching.

"And I'm sure I can't tell you," growled the hatter, as he retired behind a screen and continued the brushing and polishing of an old hat he had been engaged upon when the fugitive pair entered his shop.

Ching-Ching was a bit troubled, for he could see Z 1622 outside leaning against the post like a man who had taken up his station for the day. To stay in the shop was impossible—to go out and face the perils of the law likewise impossible.

The rapid debates of his mind were cut short by a movement on the part of the official, who began to stroll carelessly up and down the street, with both eyes very much on the lookout.

"Sammy," said Ching-Ching, suddenly, "git ready, ole man, and foller up—I hab an insperation."

Pushing open the door, he sallied out, just as Z 1622 turned round and presented his back to him.

"Quick, Sammy!" he cried, and ran forward.

Z 1622, all unsuspecting of the vicinity of the enemy, sauntered leisurely on. But suddenly he hears a most unearthly shriek, and over his head flies some object, which appeared to him to be either a dragon or a bat. Wild cries of unearthly laughter (from a number of boys looking on) resounded in his ears, and staggering forward, he fell upon his face.

Again those wild shrieks came, and fear dragged him again to his feet, but he saw nothing in the street, beyond the ordinary every-day objects—houses, shops, area railings, men, women and boys.

"What was it?" he wildly asked.

"A Chayney chap," replied a costermonger, "and a nigger as follered him up sharp."

"Where are they?" cried Z 1622, in a frenzied tone.

"About two mile off by this time," replied the same informant, and then he and a thoughtless, unsympathizing public laughed again.

"Never mind," muttered Z 1622, as he smoothed his ruffled plumes and walked away, "I'll have him yet, and that afore a week have passed away!"



## CHAPTER II. 179

CHING-CHING AND THE LUBLY OTTAMY GO TO  
CREMORNE.

Mrs. Mant was in her room, engaged in the usual occupation of the morning, arranging the meals for the day, writing out orders for the tradesmen, and laying plots and plans for the extraction of a little extra profit out of her lodgers, and a little more work out of her slavey.

The brow of the lovely Otto of Roses, as Ching-Ching poetically called her in his peculiar style of pronunciation, was a little sad, for that morning, on passing her admirer in the passage, he had not addressed her in his usual lively strain; nor, indeed, had he addressed her at all, but after a sad look—full of reproach—passed on in silence.

"What can be the matter with him?" thought Mrs. Mant; "really, it is so unusual for him to be anything but lively, and—and I might say affectionate. But men are all alike; you can't believe them more than a week at a time. Come in."

It was Ching-Ching who knocked, and there was a sadness in the very rap his knuckles gave upon the door. He came in with a tender reproach in his eyes that touched Mrs. Mant to the heart.

"Oh, Mr. Chin-Chins," she said, addressing him by her own conception of his name, "what is the matter with you?"

"Ottamy ob Ottamys," returned Ching-Ching, "you hab deceived me."

"Oh, Mr. Chin-Chins," cried the afflicted Mrs. Mant, "how and when?"

"Who was dat man who come here last night, and stay twenty minutes in dis room?" demanded Ching-Ching.

"Oh, he," returned Mrs. Mant, blushing slightly, "he's nobody."

"Noberry," cried Ching-Ching, "when he come in quite frenly, and I hear you two laughing like a couple ob goose, and jest as I pass de door, for I scorn to listen to de low convelsation ob a man wif legs like his, I hear him say, 'when shall it be?' and den dere was a smack. Don't say dat it am not true, or I hab Sammy down to confirm your inflamy."

"Oh, Mr. Chin-Chins," said Mrs. Mant,

"don't be hard on me. Mr. Skiddle has admired me for many years."

"What am de name ob de truckbent ruffian?" asked Ching-Ching.

"Samuel Skiddle, Mr. Chin-Chins."

"What am he?"

"He is in a kind o' pork-butcher line," said Mrs. Mant, "and he means well, and I really don't see why he shouldn't," continued she, plucking up a spirit. "He speaks out, and says downright what he means, but there are some as isn't quite so plain."

She looked at Ching-Ching meaningly as she aimed this shaft; but, apparently, he did not feel it. He smiled more sadly still, and shook his head.

"Lubly Ottamy," he said, "de people dat you speak ob, whoever dey may be, may not hab had de propple oppleturity."

"Them as wants it can make it," said Mrs. Mant.

"Lubly rose ob tulip," said Ching-Ching, brightening a little, and drawing nearer, "shall we go to de festive garden ob Cremorning dis night?"

"But is it respectable?" inquired Mrs. Mant—"for an old woman like me, I mean?"

"Spectable!" cried Ching-Ching, "Cremorning 'spectable! When de most gorgus ladies dat eber got inside de hansom cab go dere in mullytoods. Am it 'spectable? When de youf ob Great Brittle and all de noble genlymen as you can see behind de counter ob de draper shop go dere in crowds, and de brass band blow out de meltin' strains ob moosic to bring de 'sponsive tears from de eyes ob dem dat pay a shilling at de door. Am it 'spectable? Oh, lubly Ottamy, can you ax de question when you read de names ob de spotless genlymen who hab de place on leash, and know dat de waiters all wear gold studs in dere shirt fronts? It more dan 'spectable, Ottamy ob Odious Roses. It am a dazzling hall ob light, and de fireworks go off at twelve punctervil to de minute."

Mrs. Mant was not proof against this powerful address—what woman of any feeling could have been?—and without further demur she consented to go. Also, when Ching-Ching made it known that Samson was to be of the party, she made no particular objection.

"We are sure to lose him," said Ching-



Ching, ogling her; "oh, lubly Ottamy, am it too early?"

"For what?" asked Mrs. Mant, who looked not only like the otto of roses, but the rose itself.

"For a lily drop of water, mixed wif de usual?" replied Ching-Ching.

Mrs. Mant was for the moment disappointed, but as Ching-Ching supplemented his appeal with what she looked for, she graciously brought out the bottle, and they had a drop together.

"To-night, den," said Ching-Ching, as he rose to go.

"At what time, Mr. Chin-Chins?"

"I will hab de carriage at de door at eight o'clock. Oh, lubly Ottamy, anodder."

"Really, Mr. Chin-Chins, even Mr. Skiddle——"

"Only one drop more," murmured Ching-Ching, who had had quite enough of the tender business, and wanted to get away; "mix it weak, for de hour am early."

Mrs. Mant mixed a little viciously, but she stood too much in awe of Ching-Ching to say anything. He drank up the potion and departed.

Punctually at the hour named Ching-Ching's carriage, in the form of a four-wheeler, pulled up at the door, and Mrs. Mant, led by her fascinating friend by the hand, came forth. She had a bonnet on that so impressed the cabman, that, to use his own words, "it fairly flummoxed him." Ching-Ching had the best side of his suit outside, but really now it mattered very little which side he wore. Ching-Ching very much wanted to visit the tailor, and Harry had told him he might do so, but he seemed to look upon his rig out as an old friend, and was loath to part with it.

Sammy, with a discretion really wonderful, got upon the box; Ching-Ching cried, "Cremorning, my man," and the cab rattled off.

The driver urged his horse on at a fair pace.

Arriving at their destination, Ching-Ching tendered cabby a coin, asking him if he had change for it.

"No, I ain't," replied cabby, making preparations to get off his box. There was the slightest shade of suspicion in his eyes.

"I get change at de money-box dere," said Ching-Ching, and walked down to the turnstile, where he put a coin on the ledge.

"Take for free," he said.

"What do you call that?" asked the money-taker, looking at the coin.

"A sufferin'," replied Ching-Ching, with an unblushing countenance.

"Do you?" said the man, "then I don't. It's only one of them fardens issued by Boses Brothers, the tailors. Look at the reading round it—Boses Brothers' cheap suits."

"Dat come ob being a sunsuspecting furniner," said Ching-Ching, looking at the coin with a melancholy air. "I go to de money changings and gib him a Pekin note, and dat is what he gib me for it. Lubliest ob rose Ottamy, hab you your purse wif you?"

"I think I have," said Mrs. Mant, rather unwillingly.

"Den lend your dewoted wictim one little sufferin'."

"I thought you war a-going to treat me, Mr. Chin-Chins," said Mrs. Mant, the flowers in her bonnet trembling with passion; "but there's no end to your deceptions. The other day when you said——"

"Now, then, I want my fare," roared cabby; "they are moving on my cab."

"And other people want to come in," said the money-taker.

"Lubliest ob Ottamy, de sufferin'," whispered Ching-Ching; "for your own sweet sake hab no scenes before dese low fellers."

Mrs. Mant, very white and wrathful, handed out the coin, and Ching-Ching paid for them and settled with the cabman. Then he gallantly gave his arm to the injured woman, and led her down the gravel walk.

The lights and the music chased the clouds partly from the brow of Mrs. Mant, but she was still very sour, and required all Ching-Ching's eloquence to bring her round.

"Dere am one bad ting about money," Ching-Ching said, "and dat is, dat it orfen part frens. Now, my farder had a grate fren, a genlyman ob bery high persition, who used to come up our court wif winkles, and de frenship ob years was broken off in a moment by de loan ob a shilling."

"How was that?" asked Mrs. Mant.

"De genlyman wif de winkles," continued Ching-Ching, "came up de court one day



when my farder was bery flush, and winkles being de weakness ob my moder's aunt, who was staying wif us, owing to her husban' being in a perlice sylum for a munf, my farder being flush stop him bosom fren, and say, 'Now, ole man, measure me out a pint and don't put dat tumb ob yourn into de pot.' My farder's fren smile agreeable and gib de full 'lowance. 'How much?' my farder ask. 'Tuppence,' reply him fren. 'Den gib me tenpence,' says my farder. 'Wurra for?' ax de fren ob my farder. 'Acause,' say my farder, handing de winkles to my moder behind, 'acause I gib you a shilling.' 'Wen?' ax my farder's fren. 'Afore you measure de winkles,' say my farder. 'No, you didn't,' say my farder's fren, using a few words at de end which I'll not puroot your ears wif, my lubby Ottoman."

"If it's bad language I don't wish to hear it," said Mrs. Mant.

"Ob course you don't," said Ching-Ching. "Well, de row was sudden, and in de lilly struggle dat ensooed my farder and his fren roll all ober de court, while all de lilly boys and girls run home for a pin, and set 'bout picking de winkles as was upset, my moder and my aunt enjoying themselves wif what my farder bought."

"And what was the end of it?" asked Mrs. Mant, seeing that Ching-Ching paused.

"De end was dat de row was general," replied Ching-Ching, "for when my farder's fren had knocked my farder into sensibility up in de corner ob de court, whar de baker keep him shutters, he 'salted de lilly babies, male and female, dat had, in de innocence ob childhood, been picking de winkles. Dere parents objected, and my farder's fren was taken out ob de court, and he stood outside calling for my farder to come on, until de perlice came and mobe him off."

"Did your fader eber gib him tenpence?" asked Samson.

"He went to de counting court for a slummins," replied Ching-Ching, "but dey refuse to gib him one, principally on 'count of him having only fourpence and a braddleawl to pay for him. My farder's fren came two or free times to see my farder, but de frenship was broken, and my farder was neber at home. Lubly Ottoman, try your weight."

The owner of a set of weighing scales promptly handed Mrs. Mant to the chair, and the handle of the dial plate indicated that the lovely creature weighed sixteen stone two.

"That's wrong," said Mrs. Mant; "I'm not so stout as that."

"Just stout 'nuff to be in de prime ob beauty," murmured Ching-Ching.

"It's all right, mum," said the man; "look at the plate."

"I don't want to look at it."

"You look at it, sir."

Ching-Ching looked at it, and at once declared it to be wrong.

"It stands at sixteen two," said the man.

"It all wrong," insisted Ching-Ching; "now weigh me."

Mrs. Mant got out, and Ching-Ching got into the chair. The dial plate indicated twenty-three stone eleven. The owner was dumfounded.

"I thought you was a light party," he said.

"What am my weight?"

"The plate says that it is twenty-three stone eleven."

"Now do you tink dat is right?" asked Ching-Ching, appealing to a little knot of bystanders; "when I was weighed at Pekin, only a munf ago, I was jess one pound under nuffin."

"Try again, sir," urged the man; "you must have sot down wrong."

Ching-Ching took his seat again, and the handle of the dial plate went up to twenty-five stone four.

"Well, I'm jiggered," exclaimed the bewildered man.

"And in de face ob dat will you say dat dis lubly siraf weigh sixteen stone two?"

"I can't make it out," replied the bewildered man. "Oh, dash it! look at the plate?"

Ching-Ching had not moved apparently, but it had gone down to seven stone ten.

The lookers-on were at once delighted and mystified. Not one of them understood how the eccentricity of the machine came about; but it was simply this: Mrs. Mant was correctly weighed, but Ching-Ching, when he took his seat, grasped the framework of the stand with one of his powerful feet, and down came the chair; when he let



go the indicator showed his natural weight, seven stone ten.

"I just make a meddulrandum ob dis job," said Ching-Ching, producing his note-book, "and to-morrow de spectre ob weights and measures shall gib you a look."

"I don't sell nuffin, and he can't touch me," said the man; "but blow the thing—what is the matter with it?"

"Lubly Ottamy," whispered Ching-Ching, "de eyes ob de whole crowd am on us; let us retire."

"I didn't know you was bashful, Mr. Chin-Chins."

"Neber was dere a more bashful man in dis world; it hab been de tumbling block ob my life. Come into dis bower and listen to de story, and Sammy go and see what de clock is."

"Whar am de clock?" asked the foolish Samson.

' 'Bout de garden somewhere," replied Ching-Ching; "look 'bout, and you will see de man winding him up."

Samson departed, and Ching-Ching and Mrs. Mant sat down.

"Lublied ob roses," began Ching-Ching; "at dis moment, when de fiddles am being tuned, and de waiter is away, let me——"

"Oh, stop! do," cried Mrs. Mant; "we are diskivered."

So they were, by a tall, melancholy-looking man, who regarded the pair with an envenomed eye. Ching-Ching wondered who on earth he was, but fancied that he had seen him before. Mrs. Mant set all doubts at rest by exclaiming:

"Mr. Skiddle!"

### CHAPTER III.

#### SKIDDLE SETTLED.

Mr. Skiddle did not immediately answer to his name, but looked slowly from Ching-Ching to Mrs. Mant, and from Mrs. Mant to Ching-Ching before he replied.

"Yes, it's me."

"And who would have thought of your being here?" said Mrs. Mant, with a playful giggle. "Quite out of your way, isn't it?"

"I heerd that you had come, and so I fol-lered," replied Skiddle. "Who's that chap?"

The "chap" Ching-Ching answered for himself.

"I am de cousin ob dis lubly lady," he said.

"Oh, a cousin," said Skiddle, with a heavy sigh of relief. "I thought it was wus. Can I sit down?"

"Just room for one," said Ching-Ching, making room on his side.

"Can I sit here, by her?" asked Skiddle.

"No," replied Ching-Ching, "not at de present moment; but I shall be goin' in a minute."

"That's all right," said Skiddle.

"What an oderous creetur," whispered Mrs. Mant, and Ching-Ching gave her a nudge which brought forth a little scream.

"Oh, you—you lubly Ottamy," he said, "what shall we moisten de present hour of happiness wif? De waiter am a coming dis way."

"I think that just the smallest drop of brandy——"

"Oh, Ottamy, what can be berrer?"

"Ask Mr. Skiddle what he will drink."

Skiddle, who was half inclined to think that all was not quite right, on being pressed as to his liquor, voted for brandy too.

"Den jest order tree lilly drops of de waiter," said Ching-Ching, with the gentle smile which so well became him.

The unsuspecting Skiddle fell into the trap, and ordered the drinks. The waiter quickly supplied them, and held out his hand for the money.

"I think that he—her cousin," said Skiddle, hesitating, will——"

"Pay de man," said Ching-Ching, "and you and I settle de question presently."

"All right," said Skiddle.

"And bring anodder glass," said Ching-Ching, "and take for it at de same time, for I see Prince Sammy coming."

Samson, whose search for a clock had been utterly without success, now put in an appearance, and informed Ching-Ching that there were no clocks in the garden. Ching-Ching simply said that there ought to be, and handed him his brandy and water.

"And now, Sammy," he said, "I just leab you a minute wif Mrs. Mant, while I hab a stroll wif Missa Skiddle. Lublied ob lubly



sirafs," he whispered in the ear of that de-luded woman, "I jest take him away and lose him."

"Don't be long," returned Mrs. Mant, "for your friend is rather slow company."

"He am de best tinker that eber lib," said Ching-Ching, "but it am in de spreshion ob him toughts dat he get into a lilly fix. Missa Skiddle, am you ready?"

"Quite, sir," returned Skiddle, rising.

"Dere no need to take leab ob Ottamy," said Ching-Ching, seizing him by the arm. "Come away, my fren, dis am de road."

The road in question led straight to one of the refreshment booths scattered about the grounds, and into it went the great Chinaman and Skiddle.

"Now, what am your drink?" asked Ching-Ching.

"Well, to tell the truth," replied Skiddle, "I ain't given to much of anything. As a rule I only take a little of mild porter with my dinner, and that brandy and water have already got into my head, but as it ain't good to mix I'll have a little more."

"Order two drops, my fren."

Skiddle did so, and the active barmaid supplied, saying as she put the glasses upon the counter:

"A shilling."

"It comes to a shilling," said Skiddle—"a shilling."

"Dere am some tings," said Ching-Ching, thoughtfully, apparently not heeding him, "dat am a puzzle to a man——"

"A shilling," said the barmaid; "I can't wait here all night."

"The drinks come to a shilling," said Skiddle again.

"De more I tink ob dem de more I am puddled," continued Ching-Ching; "now take the chile's rattle. How do dey get de peas into it?"

"A shilling," said the barmaid, for the third time, rattling her knuckles impatiently on the marble-topped counter.

"Two brandies a shilling," murmured Skiddle.

"You ordered them," said the girl, "and you had better pay for them."

Skiddle sighed and did so. The moment the money was put down Ching-Ching came

out of his meditation, and became sportive and gay.

"Mrs. Mant," he said, "am a bery lubly Ottamy woman."

"She got a figger," replied Skiddle, as he sipped his brandy and water; "how well she'd look behind the counter!"

"Drink up," urged Ching-Ching, "and hab anoder drop."

Skiddle, hoping to get some return for his outlay, did so, and Ching-Ching said to the barmaid, with a smile:

"My fren will hab two more glasses," then turning to Skiddle, he added: "I shall be back in a minute," and went out.

He was so long gone that Skiddle was obliged to *pay* for this lot too, but as Skiddle's ill-luck would have it, he had no sooner put the money down than Ching-Ching came hurrying in, feeling in his pocket for the money.

"All right, sir," said the barmaid, "the gentleman's paid."

"He am a true genlyman," murmured Ching-Ching, "no mean nonsense 'bout him."

After this Skiddle could not ask him for the shilling, and having drank their grog, they sallied out.

"Fren Skiddle," said Ching-Ching, "you lub my cousin?"

"I dore her," replied Skiddle, hazily.

"Den name de day and take her," rejoined Ching-Ching.

"I'm on," said Skiddle, lurching a little.

"I say, how do you feel—at all giddy?"

"No."

"Ain't your legs queer?"

"Not a lilly bit," replied Ching-Ching.

"Mine are; they seem to do as they like with me," said Skiddle, trotting his about in all directions, to the imminent peril of passers-by. "I say, your's—you—you're a man and a brother. I don't care. Come and play skittleish."

"Dere am de alley," said Ching-Ching, pushing open the back door of the theatre; "go in."

Skiddle, very much at sea, went in, and Ching-Ching closed the door behind him. As there was no performance on, Skiddle was quite in the dark, and getting amongst some of the loose properties lying about,



fell over, and lay helpless and dazed, wondering how on earth he came there.

Meantime Ching-Ching, buoyant as a cork, hastened to the dancing platform, and proposed to a pretty girl standing there to have a dance. She consented, and away they went, both active at their work, and performing wondrous terpsichorean feats together.

Round and round the platform, in and out in a wild but not unpicturesque dance, Ching-Ching, with his young partner, pursued his way, until, in the very midst of his bliss, he received a blow which knocked him upon his back, and sent his partner flying.

"So, you base deceiver," cried a female voice, husky with rage, "this is how you serve me!"

Ching-Ching looked and met the flaming, furious face of the outraged Mrs. Mant, with Samson standing in a bewildered state behind her.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

"Lubly Ottamy," murmured Ching-Ching, "what am de marrer?"

"The matter!" cried Mrs. Mant, viciously waving her umbrella. "Oh, you—you humbug! you—you low-bred villain, don't get up or I'll knock you down again."

"And all dis acause I was driben to despair by your cruelty, lubly Ottamy," said Ching-Ching.

"You driven to despair—pooh!" said Mrs. Mant, turning up her nose, and sniffing the evening air. "Don't talk to me."

"Not here, lubly roses," said Ching-Ching, "for de wulger crowd am listening. Oh, come away, and listen to my story ob despair."

"I won't listen to you," returned Mrs. Mant.

"Sammy, act like a genlyman, and carry Mrs. Mant's rumbrelly," pursued Ching-Ching, making provision to stop further assaults; "dat's it—now you go on in front, and me and de lubly Ottamy bring up de rears. Take my arm, lily ob de walley."

"I won't!" said Mrs. Mant.

"Oh, turn not away dose eyes," murmured Ching-Ching, tenderly, "and afore you put dat sraphic nose one inch higher hear de story ob my despair."

"You—I won't listen to you."

"It all dat deceibing Skiddles," said Ching-Ching, shaking his head solemnly and sadly; "de Skiddles dat you are goin' to marry to-morrer morning."

"Did he say that?" cried Mrs. Mant.

"Am you not going to be married to him?" asked Ching-Ching, evading a direct answer to the question.

"No, I am not."

"Hab not de bags been put up at de church?"

"The what?"

"De bags, lubly Ottamy."

"Oh, the banns; no, I should think not."

"De base, unmanly willain!" exclaimed Ching-Ching, in accents of unmitigated scorn; "but I was drove discrackled, and on de impresh ob de moment rush agin a bery ugly gal, who ran across de platform wif me, tinkin dat I want to dance. Jest as I was struggling to get free you come up and gib me a gently dig wif your rumbrelly."

"Now, is that all true?" asked Mrs. Mant, doubtfully.

"Sammy," cried Ching-Ching, turning to his friend, who, with Mrs. Mant's umbrella on his shoulder, had been turning about in wonderment at the various sights, to the imminent peril of the passers-by, "Sammy, you hear dat question? But dere, why do I trouble you when de fair lilly ob de walley know all 'bout it? What am dis? A teater—lubly siraf, come in."

A comic ballet was announced on a board, and as the people were thronging in, the time for beginning was at hand.

Ching-Ching and the lovely Mrs. Mant got in all right, but Sammy got fixed in the crowd with the umbrella, and got every bone of it smashed before he succeeded in getting inside.

The ballet was one of the usual class. There was an idiotic peasant in white linen, and rubbishing ribbons all over his legs and arms, and a lively girl, an angry father, and a rejected lover. These four form the stock-in-trade of comic ballets, and without them



comic ballets would die, as they must righteously deserve to do.

Ching-Ching and Mrs. Mant were in the third row, wedged in close together, Ching-Ching with his arm under the shawl of the lovely one, holding her waist in close and tender embrace.

The curtain rose, and the ballet began.

The peasant lover came skipping upon the stage with all the ease and grace of a young jackass, and kissed his hand to the upper window. The window opened, and the lovely girl appeared and returned his salute.

The peasant made signs for her to come down, and she disappeared.

The natural thing, then, to expect was that she would come out of the door, but when it opened a very commonplace individual, looking like a butter-man out for a holiday, and a little the worse for the refreshment he had taken, appeared.

A scream from the girl was heard inside, and the peasant staggered back. Well he might, for that strange old man formed no part of the idiotic play.

The public, however (all but one), thought that he was the angry father of the fair maid, come out to drive off the peasant lover, and applauded what they considered to be a most excellent get-up most rapturously.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Mant, "I think I have seen that actor before."

"So hab I," returned Ching-Ching; "off de stage."

The stranger came forward with faltering and uncertain steps, blinking and staring, but looking on the whole very vicious.

"Where is he?" he asked, wildly; "where is the Chaney chap? Let me get hold of him."

"There he is," cried somebody in the pit, pointing to the peasant; "knock him down."

"I've been half murdered," pursued the stranger, who, of course, was Skiddle; "my body's bruised, and my shins is broke. Where is that Chaney chap?"

"Get off the stage," said the peasant, recovering a little.

"Have you seen him?" asked Skiddle, wildly. "Is he with her? are they together? What are you doing of?"

"Get off," said the peasant, pushing him.

Skiddle was in no humor to be pushed,

and he closed with him manfully; the pair fell. The lookers-on, thinking that here was a play indeed, applauded until the roof rang again.

But they were speedily undeceived by the appearance of several scene-shifters, who rushed on the stage and endeavored to separate the combatants.

But Skiddle, maddened by wrongs, and stimulated by unwonted drops of brandy, clung tenaciously, and could not be got away, until the gaudy peasant was in rags, and all his goat-like activity taken out of him.

The uproar was tremendous, and Ching-Ching, standing upon the seat, encouraged and led those who hooted, shrieked, and yelled, but at last Skiddle was removed, and the audience settled down.

This foregoing exciting scene of real life quite took the gilt off the gingerbread of the other entertainment, and it fell flat enough.

"How came Mr. Skiddle there, I wonder?" said Mrs. Mant, as they re-entered the gardens.

"Dat am a mystery," replied Ching-Ching; "but dere am no knowing what a wicked ole man like dat get up to. I tink dat he was after dat bery lubly gal."

"Do you call that creature lovely?" asked Mrs. Mant.

"I spoke scastically," returned Ching-Ching; "but dere am no knowing what a Skiddle."

"I never did think much of him," returned Mrs. Mant; "but now I'm disgusted with him. I wonder where is he?"

Ching-Ching made inquiries, and learnt that Skiddle had been led to the gate and turned out, the proprietor not thinking it worth his while to prosecute.

This put Ching-Ching at ease, for he did not want to get Skiddle into a serious scrape, and, relieved of all care, he went into the amusements of the evening with the ardor for which he is so justly renowned.

## CHAPTER V.

### AFTER THE TRIAL.

Mrs. Mant recovered her good temper—nay, more—she opened her purse-strings to



the extent of another sovereign, and the trio went into the half-crown supper room, where Samson and Ching-Ching ate until the head-waiter—a man of years—ventured to expostulate.

"We caters for human beings," he said, "and not for ostrichers and grampusses."

"My good man," said Ching-Ching, "was you eber in Pekin?"

"Never," replied the waiter.

"Then just you go," advised Ching-Ching, "and gib de natifs ob dat lubly land a dinner or supper for half a crown, and I gib you de word ob a mandarin ob de fust water dat you will neber do it again."

After supper came the fireworks, which so bewildered Samson that he would have stood staring there all night, if Ching-Ching had not led him out of the gardens.

A cab was hailed, and all went home in a very joyous frame of mind.

Freedom! Blessed word to people and to nations, but never more blessed to man than it was to Harry that night. He felt as he had never felt before as he left the court with Juanita—almost broken down with painful emotions—leaning upon his arm. Behind them came Ira and Ximena—both frightfully spooney, and whispering delightfully—Tom, Sir Darnley, Bill Grunt, and Eddard.

All were elated, and Eddard, in his excitement, put his wooden leg about in such a way that he left a train of agonized people hopping and howling behind him.

Bill, to render due honor to the occasion, emptied his tobacco-box, and put a quid into his mouth big and strong enough to choke a Salamander, but it did not choke him.

How the people cheered!

The tide was turned, and everybody who had been in court was certain of his innocence; likewise those who had not heard a word were equally convinced.

Anyhow, all cheered, and everybody wanted to shake hands with him.

Having obliged as many as he could, Harry and Ira, with the two ladies, got into a cab, and Tom and his father got into a vehicle also. Bill and Eddard followed them, after the latter had been rescued from a position of great peril, the press of the crowd

having thrust his wooden leg through the spokes of the wheel.

Next came Ching-Ching and Samson, with the don between—the don blue with passion.

"Hurrah!" cried the crowd.

"Rule Brittle anny year," cried Ching-Ching. "Make way for de mandarin and de heir to de trone ob ole Caroliner. Dat de sort; anoder four-wheeler wif five hundred febers in de cushions."

"I won't go with you," yelled the don, backing. "I shall be murdered—help, help!"

"What's the old man done?" cried some of the bystanders.

"Noting," replied Ching-Ching.

"Then let him go."

"Genlymen," said Ching-Ching, feeling that an audacious assertion was necessary, "dis ole man am my farder, and he not quite right in his head."

The foreman of the jury happened to be just behind, and bent upon seeing the paternal parent of Ching-Ching, he made a struggle to get near, but, fortunately, the press of the crowd kept him back.

"I am not his father!" roared the don; "he is a villain!"

"You hear dat," said Ching-Ching, triumphantly; "he too far gone to know him own son. Open de door ob de cab, please."

It was opened by ready hands, and the boiling don was unceremoniously bundled in. The door was dashed to, a parting cheer was given, and away they went.

"Help, help!" shrieked the don, almost beside himself, but Ching-Ching put an iron hand over his mouth, and stopped his further utterance.

"I don't want to hurt you, ole man," he said, "but you must keep quiet. Dat it."

"Oh, I'll have a bitter vengeance for this," hissed the don; "there shall be brands and death for some of you. As for the cause of it all——"

"What am de subject ob your conbersation?" asked Ching-Ching, bending over him; "let not your only son be deprived ob your last dying words."

He freed the don's mouth, but he received no answer.

Don Salvo had grown sullen.

"Stop at de first corner," said Ching-Ching, putting his head out of the window.



"All right, sir," said the cabby.

"Now, Sammy, hab a run for it," whispered Ching-Ching; "when de door open you make for de partlements dat we hab."

"Jest so, Chingy," said Samson.

The first corner was reached, and the cabman pulled up. Ching-Ching opened the door, and Samson stepped out and made off as directed.

"Now, my fren," said Ching-Ching, addressing the don, "I just going into a shop here, but I keep an eye on you. Mobe if you dare afore I come back."

He jumped out, closed the door, and said to the cabman:

"I be back some time. You wait wif my fren inside."

"All right, sir," said the cabby, and Ching-Ching departed, leaving the don to settle the fare and all connected with the cab.

## CHAPTER VI. *183*

### THE CELEBRATION DINNER.

A merry party of friends were assembled in Harry's rooms. The enemy had been beaten, and it was a time to rejoice. There were Sir Darnley, Tom, Ira, and the two ladies, Ximena and Juanita, who had taken rooms in the hotel for themselves.

It was no time for prudery, or to think or talk of the impropriety of young ladies being entertained by a bachelor host, for no common course of events had brought them there. They were sensible women, and accepted the position without any affectation.

"Together again," said Harry to Juanita; "all our troubles are over at last, my darling."

"I have a presentiment that they are not so," returned Juanita, thoughtfully.

"But why be sad to-night, my love?"

"I am not sad, Harry, but I cannot shake off the feeling that the great happiness of the moment cannot last."

"Mere fancy—the nervous feeling which often accompanies a great joy."

"I trust so, dearest, but we will not think of it more."

"No, Juanita, let us bury all the past,"

"You are safe now—are you not? They cannot bring any other charge against you?"

"No, I am free and rich, for now that the stigma is removed from my name I can claim the rich lands of my forefathers. My wealth is great, for during my father's exile and my minority both capital and interest have accumulated."

"And I am poor," sighed Juanita.

"What of that?" asked Harry. "Why should wealth be a question between us? Is there not enough for both? I am one of the wealthiest landowners in England now, and shall money be a question between us?"

"But, Harry——"

"Nay, dearest, not another word about it."

"I was thinking of my father."

"What of him?"

"Will he give his consent to our union?"

"Is that needed, Juanita?"

"The law gives him the power to forbid the union."

"In his own country, but not in this," said Harry; "and if the worst comes, why, dearest, we will elope to the nearest church. Your father, too, may trouble himself no more about you."

"Oh! you do not know him," said Juanita, sadly; "he hates you now, and where a Salvo hates he sacrifices all for vengeance. Heaven shield me and you from him!"

"I do not fear him," said Harry, gayly; "come, love, this is a night to be merry."

"Ah! a night to be merry in," cried Sir Darnley, catching the last words; "let us spread a festive board, as the old song says."

"It is a night for all friends to be together," said Tom; "and there are some away."

"Some cannot come," said Harry, thinking of his men; "but those that are left must be here to-night. I will send for them."

He rang the bell, and dispatched a waiter to Mrs. Mant's, and asked for the quartette who lodged there to come over—an invitation they responded to in less than half an hour.

Ching-Ching headed the party, and the preparations he had made approached the gorgeous. In addition to a large amount of washing, and the best side of his suit out, he had a red shawl, belonging to Mrs. Mant, round his waist.



He likewise wore a pair of black kid gloves belonging to the same lady, with such a genteel air that they looked almost white.

"Missa Harry, ladies and genlymen," he said as he came in, "dis am de proudest moment ob my waried life. I hope you all bery well, and wish you a merry happy new year. Missa Cutten, if you go tumbling ober de chairs in dat way you will soon knock all de paint off."

"Axing the pardon of the present company," said Eddard, "and leaving out the party as spoke, but ain't got nothing to do with it, I didn't see the cheer."

"It doesn't matter," said Harry; "you have done no mischief."

"Thanky, sir," returned Eddard; "but it is hard that a party can't go nowhere without——"

"Eddard," interposed Bill Grunt, in a most sepulchral tone, "let them things of the by-gone past be buried with the things that have gone afore. This ain't the hevening to rake up a lot of muck as have been put away and forgotten."

"I knowed you would go agin me, William," said Cutten, with an injured air.

"Come and sit down," said Sir Darnley.

"And let me hear how you all are," added Juanita, with one of her sweetest smiles; "it is quite an age since I saw you. I think you are looking very well, Mr. Cutten."

"Well, miss," said Eddard, quite overcome by being addressed personally, "bar-ring a little ketching under my ribs, which stops my breath, I'm pretty slubrious."

"And you, Mr. Grunt, how are you?"

"Werry bobbish, my lady miss," said Bill, swallowing his quid in the trepidation arising from being spoken to by such a beautiful creature.

"And how are you, Samson?" asked Juanita.

Sammy rolled his eyes, put out about two inches of tongue, rubbed the calves of his legs, and scratched his head.

"Chingy know all 'bout dat," he said.

"Sammy am in a promising state of healf," said Ching-Ching, who, of course, was not overcome in the least; "but my merrycal man say dat I must be kep up."

"What does he mean by that?"

"Good libing, and de subsequential condle-

ments in de way ob drink," replied Ching-Ching. "Wif dat he say dat I may larst anoder six munfs, but, if not, den hab de tombstone ob white marbles, wif a lilly fat boy weeping ober my name; let de furenal be plain, and if one ob dem mute chaps try to foller, knock him down, Sammy!"

"I trust there will be no occasion for one of those men for many a long day," said Juanita.

"Oh, tanky, Miss Judynita," replied Ching-Ching; "your kindness am oberpow-ering."

"Dinner is on the table, sir," said the waiter, opening the door.

"What a musical voice dat young man hab," murmured Ching-Ching; "it remind me ob de man dat once took our back parlor for a week, and lef by de windy, when my unsuspecting fader and moder was locked in de arms ob Borpus."

"Come, we will go to dinner," said Harry, offering his arm to Ximena, and Sir Darnley brought in Juanita, the rest following, and Ching-Ching bringing up the rear.

As he passed the waiter, who stood holding the door open, he gave him a look, and made such a face that the man nearly burst into some sort of emotion, and when they had taken their seats Ching-Ching found this man behind his chair, apparently drawn there by some fascinating spell.

"Soup, sir?" asked the waiter.

"A little ob eberyting," said Ching-Ching; and during the dinner he had a dip at every dish.

While the waiters were in the room the conversation was of a commonplace character, and all reference to their private affairs was studiously avoided, but when the dessert was put upon the table everybody came out from their shell.

"You were speaking of a young man who was lodging in your father's house, Ching-Ching," said Harry, in obedience to a suggestion from Juanita that she would like to hear a story.

"A young man who was lodgin' wif my farder?" said Ching-Ching, who had forgotten all about the subject.

"Yes, left in the night, when your parents were in——"

"De arms of Borpus," said Ching-Ching.



"Oh, I member him now, and a bery sad ting it was. He had such a lubly woice, and de way he used to pipe a lilly hymn 'bout de two orphans dat was buried by de cockle robins in de wood allus fetch de tears out ob him eyes."

"But why did he sing it?" asked Bill Grunt.

"It was de way he used to lib," replied Ching-Ching; "dat was all, 'cept a mackrel, a mouse, a bit of plate, and a ship on de ocean, dat he hab to lib upon."

"I don't quite understand you," said Sir Darnley. "What use could the mouse be to him?"

"In dis way," said Ching-Ching. "He use to draw him in de pabement wif de oder tings in colored chalk, and den whiten him face a lilly bit, and sing de story ob cockle robins and de two orphans in such a lubly woice dat de toughest ob women dat come by was boun to gib him a copper. He did a bery good business, and it was in de height ob him prospelity dat he took our back parlor."

"Why didn't he pay, then?" asked Bill Grunt.

"Because he was depressed by a crossy-sweeper," said Ching-Ching. "A man who spire to de hand ob de young man's sisser, who did a large bisness in de way ob distressed widdys, and use to go out wif a number ob borrow lilly children to touch de stony hearts ob de people."

"Where was this?" asked Sir Darnley.

"At—at Pekin, sir," replied Ching-Ching. "Well, de crossy-sweeper 'spire to de hand ob de lubly sisser ob de cockle robin young man, but de cockle robin young man say, 'No, she ought to do berrer. She ought to marry a man who can do de sufferin' workman dodge,' and so de crossy-sweeper was foiled. He took him dejection bery much to heart, and did nuffin but stand all day at him corner wif him chin on de broom, tink-ing ob dat lubly sisser ob de cockle robin young man."

"Downright in love," said Eddard.

"He was," replied Ching-Ching; "and one day dat lub upset de quiddlerum ob him brain, and he went right orf mad."

Ching-Ching paused, and put a melancholy eye upon the nearest decanter. Harry

bade him fill his glass, which he did, and continued:

"But although he was mad," he said, "he still member de cockle robin broder, and one night he knock at my farder's door and ax if he was at home. De young man was, and he come out shaking and trembling, for he knowed somefin was up. De crossy-sweeper, wif holler eye and branch cheek, look at him, and holding up de broom like de maze ob one ob dem old tights in armor, say, in woice ob tunder, 'You hab dejected me, you hab put a tumbling block 'tween me and your sisser, and now bewary—bewary! for I'll foller you wheresomevery you may go, and ruin you!'"

"Eben my farder tremble when he hear dat awful treat," pursued Ching-Ching, "and de cockle robin young man stagger into de back parlor, and come out no more dat night. De crossy-sweeper smile grimly, and go home. On de morrer he began de pur-soot ob wengeance."

Ching-Ching stopped again and ogled the decanter once more. Harry bade him help himself, and thus refreshed he proceeded. Every eye was on him, and every ear open, for his story had reached a point of most tremendous interest.

"De morn was a breaking," he said, "and all de girls in de speckable places were a-banging doormats when de cockle robin young man wif him bag ob chalk set out to begin de toils ob de day. He was in berrer spirits, and he sang de fust werse ob his song so bery sweet dat a pliceman smile on him, and when one ob de forces smile on de public, you know he am tickled in de right place."

"They ain't given to smiling, certainly," said Eddard.

"Behind dat cockle robin young man," continued Ching-Ching, "dere came a gaunty figure wif a broom on him shoulder. It was de crossy-sweeper. De cockle robin young man stop in one ob de main streets, and picking out a lubly bit ob pabement, he draw de mackrel, de mouse, de bit ob plate, and de ship at sea. De moment he had done a wile shriek was heard, and down came de crossy-sweeper wif him broom, brushing bery much harder dan eber he brush afore in him life, and in a quinkling de mackrel,



de mouse, de plate, and de ship was gone. De pabement never looked cleaner.

"'Chalk away—do dem again!' shriek de crossy-sweeper, 'and member dis, dat I'm a follerin'. Wengeance! wengeance! wengeance! Chalk away.'"

Ching-Ching again paused, and smiled as he looked at the decanter.

"Finish your story first," said Harry, and Ching-Ching continued:

"De treat ob wengeance was carried out to de letter," he said. "Whereber dat cockle robin young man went dere was de crossy-sweeper, and de more he draw de mackrel, de mouse, de plate, and de ship, de more dey was brush out, and de anxious public neber get a look at dem. De cockle robin young man try to sing, but it not do alone, and he was a ruin man."

"Why didn't he give the chap his sister?" asked Eddard.

"Acause, while de wengeance was goin' on," replied Ching-Ching, "she had married a man wif no legs, who was doin' well wif a picter ob a biler 'splosion. To resoom. De cockle robin young man, not habing any means ob libing, could not pay de rent, and my farder one night screw de door up to keep him dere until he pay. 'You hab frens,' my farder say; 'your sisser hab marry well. Send a lilly boy to her for de money.' De cockle robin young man said somefin through de keyhole which I not repeat for lub or money, and my farder went to bed.

"In de morning," said Ching-Ching, in conclusion, "my moder went down, and looked trough de winder to see what de young man was doing, but he was gone, so was de bed, so was de chair wif two legs, which my farder, in a spirit ob generalosity let him hab out ob de kitchen, to make de partment look like home, and from dat hour we neber hear ob him or hab no more lodgers."

"But all men ain't thieves," argued Bill; "why not take another lodger?"

"De principal reason," replied Ching-Ching, with great simplicity, "was dat dere was no bed for dem to sleep on, and mose ob de people dat come to look at de place say dat the floor was a lilly chilly."

A laugh at Bill's expense followed this reply, but it was speedily checked by the

waiter throwing open the door and announcing:

"Don Salvo."

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE DON'S PROGRAMME.

The whole party rose to their feet, and Juanita, who perhaps had good reason to fear her father, rushed to Harry's side. He put his arm around her, and whispered in her ear:

"Fear not, he cannot—shall not—harm you here."

The face of the don was distorted with rage and malice, and his thin, claw-like fingers trembled as he pawed the air with an action which, to Ching-Ching, was familiar. Advancing to the table, he demanded back his daughter.

"Give me back my child," he said, huskily, "you escaped pirate, you—you thief, I claim my child!"

"Don Salvo," said Harry, calmly, "will you tell me what has changed you? I am betrothed to your daughter by your consent——"

"You robbed me," said the don, interrupting him. "You wrecked my vessel, and robbed me of my money."

"I can repay all that," returned Harry. "Name any sum in reason, and you shall have it."

"Curse your money!" cried the old man; "I do not want it—I'll have my child."

"De advance ob years," murmured Ching-Ching, "hab deweloped de bump of reasonabilities."

"Ching-Ching," said Harry, "be quiet. Come, Don Salvo, let us bury the past, if there is a past to bury. Let us put all grievances aside, if we have any, and let us be as we were."

"No," hissed Don Salvo, "I'll have no bargaining with you. I always hated you, with your swaggering way and English face. I hate all that comes of this country, a cursed, meddling nation, that interferes with the trading of the world."

"It made honest trade," said Harry, "and



put down piracy and violence; but why discuss that? Come, don, let us be friends."

"Juanita," said the don, "come home with me."

"No," she said, "you have no home to offer me, no place that I can ever look on again as home."

"I command you!" he shrieked.

"And I refuse to obey," she answered, proudly; "I am of age and can answer for myself, in this country at least, and here I declare that I will not go with you. I stay here with—my husband."

"Married so soon?" cried the don.

"Pledged," said Harry, "and, in the eyes of heaven, married."

"I ask you once again, Juanita, to come home with me!" said Don Salvo, turning to his daughter.

"And I," said she, placing her hand upon Harry's shoulder, "refuse to leave this place."

"Enough," said the don, with the calmness of intense rage; "enough—go your ways, but beware, both of you, of a Salvo's vengeance."

He went out, closing the door violently behind him, and Juanita sank into a chair weeping. Ximena added her mite of tears, and lookers-on prudently let them vent their sorrow. In a few minutes Ximena had quite recovered, and Juanita was calmer.

"Dry your tears, love," whispered Harry; "in a few hours you shall be my bride, and then we will go where he cannot find us."

"Sammy," whispered Ching-Ching, "how did you feel when ole skin and bone was in de room?"

"A kind o' doublin' up 'bout de fingers," replied Samson.

"Sammy," said Ching-Ching, impressively, "dat kind ob motion stended to my bery toes, and I was on de pint ob making four quarters ob dat ole sinner when he lef' dis hall ob light. Anoder moment and dat lubly creature would have been an orphan."

"Poor ting," said Samson.

"Sammy," continued Ching-Ching, "dis sort ob life am bery unsettling, and I feel dat I am agin going morally wrong."

And in proof of this he fell into his old back-sliding, and put a butter bowl up his back.

"Chingy," pleaded Samson, "don't do dat."

"Let me hab a lilly go in," replied Ching-Ching; "oderwise I must bust. Pass dat tablespoon, dere am nobody looking, and wipe your plate a lilly bit, as dere am some gravy ob de orange on it."

"Oh! Chingy——"

"Hand ober dem apples, now de brown biscuit, and napkin dat de lubly Judynita drop. I must do it to-night, Sammy, for I hab gone morally wrong."

"But, Chingy," pleaded Samson, "de tings quite stick out."

"I don't care eben a lilly bit," said Ching-Ching, recklessly. "Gib me de salt cellary, and dat decantler; now de forks and de fruit-knife. Don't stop me, Sammy, for I feel dat I am gettin' berrer, and coming morally round."

Samson was in a very unhappy state of mind, but what could he do? Ching-Ching was excited, his kleptomania was on him, and its force made him but a straw on the surface of a mountain torrent.

"Anoder fork," he whispered hurriedly; "now all de nuts and de grapes. Dat will do, Sammy. De fit am ober, and now we will put dem all back agen."

Easier said than done, for Harry now resumed his seat at the table, and bade Sir Darnley pass the wine.

"But—eh? what is all this?" he exclaimed. "Where is the dessert?"

Ching-Ching, with tears in his eyes, rose to his feet, and said:

"Missa Harry, I couldn't help it."

"The old complaint," said our hero, sternly. "I thought you had got over it."

"I hab tried," said Ching-Ching, "but it come back. I hab had de struggle on me eberywhere, and I stand out against him until dis night, when de don upset my quid-derum, and I got wrong in de morally parts."

"Empty your pockets on to the side-board," said Harry, "and, Grunt, will you oblige me by ringing the bell. We must have some more dessert."

"Mose people hab a failin'," said Ching-Ching, as he turned out his spoil piece by piece, keeping a tearful eye on his leader. "Eben de remperor, who was de fren ob my



farder, hab one—a bery bad failing. My moder's fader-in-law had one, too. So hab all de members ob our family. Dis mose 'stressing ting am mine. Dere, Miss Harry—dere, Missa Harry. I tink dat am all, 'cept de salt which come out ob de celery and a few fraggements."

"You will one day get into great trouble," said Harry, trying to look at him seriously, but failing utterly. "You may call it a failing, but there are some people who would call it—. But there, sit down and have another glass of wine. It is not a night for reproach. It is a night to be merry in."

"Missa Harry," said Ching-Ching, bowing low, "you am de truest genlyman I eber found in or out ob my native land—Pekin."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WEDDING BELLS.

The wedding could not take place quite so quickly as Harry designed, for at least three days' preparation was needed, and it was settled that on the fourth morning after the trial our hero and Juanita were to be united at St. Martin's Church.

Meanwhile, Juanita kept within the hotel, and strict orders were given that the don and all strangers were to be refused admission to her presence. Harry kept watch and ward over her in addition, a watch shared by Tom and Ira.

Ching-Ching and his companions were thrown upon their own resources, and as the record of their doings appears in other places, we will not stay to dwell upon them now, but come to what some people may look upon as the most important step of our hero's life—the wedding.

All was prepared—the parson procured and the license paid for. Sir Darnley was to give her away, the breakfast was to take place at the hotel, and, with Ximena for a traveling companion and Harry for a husband, Juanita was going on her wedding-tour.

Ira wanted his lady to give herself up at the same time, but she put off their union

for a month, saying that when she returned with Juanita it would be time enough.

"She needs a companion now," she said, "or I would not keep you waiting."

"You are right," said Ira, "but it is all the fault of that confounded don, shiver his weazen old carcass."

The wedding was to be strictly quiet—nothing in the way of show, nor anything likely to attract even a passer-by. Neither Ching-Ching, nor Samson, nor Bill, nor Eddard were to be there, but they obtained permission to be in church, as they promised to stroll into it in the most casual manner.

All four were in the gallery by ten o'clock, the only other occupant of the place being an old woman who was dusting, or rather banging, the cushions of the pews. Samson asked who she was, and Ching-Ching undertook to explain.

"She am de widder ob a bishop," he said, "and de moral remains ob her husban' are behind dat monlyment."

"Oh!" said Samson, "what am dey put dere for?"

The simplicity of the question staggered even Ching-Ching, and he was obliged to cough before he could answer.

"Dey was put dere," he said, "by de voice ob de nation, de blishop being one ob de people candledates, he habin' stood up for de rights ob de working man and made a bery good ting ob it."

"You must not talk here," said the old woman, looking up.

"What for, den, do you do it?" returned Ching-Ching; "you, dat am de fairest ob your seck, ought to know berrer."

"Somebody coming in," said Eddard, and the four spectators settled into their places.

It was Harry, simply dressed in morning attire, and Ira, who was the best man. They were quickly followed by Tom, Sir Darnley, Ximena, and the bride.

The clergyman came in at the side door like a man in a hurry, and the old woman who had been banging the cushions arranged the parties, and smiled her sweetest smile with a view to a tip. Samson, who had never beheld a downright earnest wedding before—nigger ceremonies did not



count with him—looked on with absorbing interest.

Ching-Ching made rather light of it, and advised Eddard to make up another couple, by marrying the old woman, who was "just 'bout him height and weight," a suggestion our friend took extremely ill, and strong remarks upon Ching-Ching's conduct in general came in bated whispers from his lips.

It was over—Harry and Juanita were one; the kiss was given and the benediction pronounced, the parson paid, and the pew-opener tipped so handsomely that she dropped her brush and gave out gasps in lieu of her stereotyped thanks.

"Come on," said Ching-Ching; "goin' to gib dem one lilly cheer."

When he got outside, the carriages were just moving away, but Harry saw him, and so did Juanita, and both of them waved their hands.

"Three cheers for de lubly couplers!" said Ching-Ching, and, turning a misjudged wheel, knocked all the breath out of his body against one of the pillars of the church portico.

He was sitting a little bewildered, waiting for the Nelson Column and the National Gallery to leave off waltzing, when Samson and Bill Grunt came up, the pew-opener at the same moment locking the church door.

"Whar am Missa Cutten?" asked Ching-Ching.

"He's a-coming down," replied Bill Grunt.

"Stop dat ole woman," said Ching-Ching, "or he am in dat church for life."

Eddard was indeed there, as a banging inside now testified, and Samson rushed after the old woman, who at first refused to come back, but, on being threatened with force, reluctantly came.

"Oh! you siraf ob sirafs," said Ching-Ching, making faces at her. "Who murdered the cushion? Who banged de helpless footstool?"

"Get away, you low fellow," replied the old woman, "or I'll call the perlice."

"Let that noble genlyman out at once," said Ching-Ching, loftily, "or you will get him royal blood up."

"I'd like to get at you," said the old

woman, clawing at him; "you're a loafing villain."

"Who lef' all de dirt in de corners, and was afraid ob de cobwebs?" asked Ching-Ching. "Who broke de rum bottle, and charge it to de parish for soap dat was neber use nowhar?"

"I'll not be put upon," said the old woman, who seemed to be somewhat touched by these queries. "Perlice!—perlice!"

She might as well have blown a penny whistle in a thunderstorm as to have called for the police there. The noise of the traffic would have drowned fifty voices like hers, and the policeman did not come.

Finding that vengeance must be postponed, or, at the least, transferred, she opened the door and fell upon the victimized Eddard, who received a blow on the cheek which made him skip, and another on the chin, which made his teeth rattle.

"Wot's that for?" he roared.

"Come out of the church," said the old woman; "what are you hanging about there for? Do you want to steal the plate?"

"I got my foot in some bits o' board near the horgan," replied Eddard.

"You've broken the pipe!" cried the old woman, jumping on him. "Perlice!—perlice!"

Ching-Ching went to the rescue, and, taking up the old woman by the waist, he dragged her off, thrust her inside the doorway, and locked the door, leaving the key in the lock.

"It's all right now," he said; "somebody soon let her out, if she bang loud enough. Now we will go home and celebrate dis day wif a breakfast which de lubly Ottamy hab got ready by de orders of Missa Harry."

## CHAPTER IX.

### A FUNERAL DIRGE

Harry had no guests beyond those who assisted at the ceremony, but they were enough; and a gayer party never sat down to a well-spread table. Harry was in the first realms of bliss, and Juanita was radiant. The loving-cup passed round, and Sir



Darnley rose to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom.

In a few well-chosen words he eulogized the hero and heroine of the hour, and wished them godspeed and a safe return from the honeymoon. Ira and Tom applauded rapturously, Harry smiled, and Juanita blushed her thanks.

In reply Harry spoke of the perils of the past and of the joy he felt at being in a haven of rest at last. Frankly and openly he spoke of what he owed to Tom and Ira, who had helped him through many a trouble, and done much to smooth the rough road he had trodden.

"With health, riches, the best of friends, and the dearest wife in the world," he said, "what more could I wish for? My cup of happiness is full."

Juanita rose to change her dress, and with Ximena left the room. Harry and his friends filled their glasses again.

"Upon my word, Harry," said Tom, "I feel that you have stolen a march upon us, and got into the harbor of bliss, while Ira and myself are struggling with the rough sea outside. But no matter, our time will come."

"Of course," said Harry, gayly; "and I shall be the first to congratulate you. Sir Darnley?"

"Yes, my friend."

"You must get Tom a wife."

"Oh, the rascal must choose for himself," replied the baronet. "There are no end of girls ogling him."

"Here's to his bride—in perspective," said Harry, tossing off his wine. "Fill again, and let us drink to the lovely Ximena."

It was done, and Ira had to return thanks, which he did very neatly. This done, Harry looked at his watch.

"Ladies take a long time to dress," he said.

"A woman is never in a hurry in putting a bonnet on," said Sir Darnley. "And when it comes to a change of dress, why——"

"She is longer than she need be," said Harry, rising uneasily. "Excuse me interrupting you, Sir Darnley. I am going to ring."

His hand was upon the bell-pull when the

door opened, and Ximena, with a wild expression of fear, stood before him.

"Is Juanita here?" she asked.

"Here!" cried Harry, turning livid; "what do you mean?"

"As we were going upstairs," said Ximena, "a man, looking like a waiter, accosted her, and said that you wanted to have one word with her alone. She came down, and I have been waiting for her ever since."

"Great Heaven!" cried Harry; "what new trouble is this? Call up the servants—search the house. Ira, go down below, and let none leave the door until this mystery is explained."

He rang the bell in a frenzy, and the head waiter answered. As the man entered the room Harry saw that he knew something about the missing bride.

"Where is Lady Marsh?" he cried.

The man half sullenly answered that she had been taken away.

"When, and by whom?" cried Harry, seizing him by the collar, and shaking him like a rat.

"Her father came with the keepers and two medical men, just after you went to church," replied the waiter. "My master saw the certificate, and knew that it was all right; and as he didn't want a row in this place, he let her be taken quietly."

"And where is she?" shrieked our hero.

"I don't know," answered the man; "it was no business of mine, but she's gone to one of the asylums."

Harry could bear no more. Juanita spending her wedding night in an asylum! The thought was horrible—unbearable. But for the friendly arm of Sir Darnley he must have fallen. The baronet carried him to a couch, and spoke to him, but he returned no answer, and he spoke no more on his wedding day.

## CHAPTER X.

### HARRY'S RESOLVE.

For many days our hero lay tossing in the agonies of delirium. The blow, following upon many months of varied excitement, was too much for his iron frame, and for a



time he sank under it. But faithful friends watched him, the best of medical skill aided him, and he came back from chaos of thought to reason and sense again.

On first awakening he found Tom and Ira by his side, and at first he did not realize all that had passed, but ere he could ask the question, "What is the matter with me, and why are you here?" which rose to his lips, the truth burst upon him with an awful shock.

But he bore up, and, driving back the flood of emotion, which threatened to overwhelm him, asked:

"Is there any news?"

Tom shook his head.

"None," he said; "but we have agents all over the kingdom, and they have hope."

"They would not be agents if they had not," returned Harry, with the faintest of faint smiles; "they live by hope, one hope especially. Is that Samson there?"

"Yes, Massa Harry," replied Samson, coming out of the shadow of a curtain; "me not like to disturb you, but——"

"He has been here day and night," interposed Ira.

"Faithful fellow," murmured Harry, and gave him his hand.

"Oh! Massa Harry, if eber I put hands on dat don——"

"Strangle him, Samson."

"I will, Massa Harry."

"Who is that behind you?"

"De grief-sticking Ching-Ching," replied our friend, advancing with his best wriggle; "and if eber I catch de don, I serb him just as my farder and uncle did de man dat come twice in one day for de water rate."

"I'll hear that story another time," said Harry. "I thank you all; you are very kind; I will remember. How long have you been here?"

"Since you was ill, Massa Harry."

"Dat de time, Missa Harry," said Ching-Ching; "Sammy hab told de trufe, and in de turn for many subports dat he hab giben me, I s'port him now."

"Kind ole Chingy," murmured Samson.

"There is one thing I must insist upon now," said Harry, "and that is that you two go out and get a little fresh air."

"Dat quite right," returned Ching-Ching,

looking at Ira and Tom; "you two go out for the fresh air, Sammy and me stop and look after Missa Harry."

"No," said Harry, "we want you and Samson to go."

"Bery good, Missa Harry; den we will ewapplerate, as de dear old remperor used to say. Sammy, move dem lilly legs ob yourn."

"Good-by, Massa Harry."

"Good-by, Samson."

"Aju, Missa Harry," said Ching-Ching; "farewell, and if for ebery, den ebery fare ye well."

"Oh, go along!" said Harry, smiling in spite of his sorrow. "There never was such a fellow."

When they reached the street Ching-Ching took Samson's arm, and they hastened to Wellington street. There Ching-Ching paused.

"Sammy," he said, "you want more deportment."

"Wurra am dat?" asked Samson, thinking that it was something to eat.

"Deportment," explained Ching-Ching, "am de mobements ob a genlyman when him not sitting down in a chair. Deportment am a lubly way ob swaggering 'long de road so dat you fetch de gals. Deportment am de way to lift up one leg and put down de oder. Deportment am bowing—like dis."

Ching-Ching then executed a bow, compared to which all he had hitherto done were base counterfeits, but unfortunately there stood just behind him an old gentleman admiring some water-works in a filter-shop window, and this unoffending stranger was suddenly aroused from a dream of happiness by being shot against the window aforesaid so violently that his hat went right through a pane of glass, and he only escaped being cut about the face by a miracle.

"Help! Murder! Police!" he roared.

Out rushed the shopman, and collared the stranger, and shook him savagely.

"What do you mean by it?" he asked.

"It was that chap," said a shrewd street boy.

"Me!" cried that innocent individual; "me! Hab I been near dat windy, Sammy? If eber you was a witness, stand up now."

"You not been near dat windy," replied



Samson, who had not seen how the accident happened, and could, therefore, conscientiously support his friend.

"You knocked me through it," gasped the old gentleman, whose hat had gone clean through the window, and was now being rapidly filled by the water-works before alluded to. "I was standing quite still, looking in there, when you came behind me and shoved me through."

"Your orderacity take away my breaf," said Ching-Ching, sternly. "I neber eben look at you. I was talking to de Prince Sammy Samson here."

"That boy saw you do it," insisted the old gentleman.

"So I did," replied the boy; "but he didn't shove you."

"Hear dat?" murmured Ching-Ching; "his bery witness s'ports trufe and innercence."

"If he didn't shove me," asked the old gentleman, "what did he do?"

"He bobbed you," said the boy.

"What's that?"

"He went like this," said the boy, illustrating Ching-Ching's action.

"Whar was you born?" asked Ching-Ching, looking sternly at him.

"In Bolt Court, Fleet street," replied the boy. "What then, old pigtail?"

"My little child," said Ching-Ching, sadly, "let me read you a morally lesson. Sammy, whar am dat book dat I wrote for lilly wicked boys? Sammy, bring him out and read de fust chapper, and mind de stops."

"Here! Who's going to pay for my window?" demanded the shopman, checking the promised lesson.

"I won't!" said the old gentleman; "and I expect you to pay for my hat."

The hat in question was now at the bottom of the pool of water, and the gold fish were sniffing at the brim. Some thoughtless people in the crowd laughed as they looked upon it, but Ching-Ching looked upon it with a saddened aspect.

"I hope dat hat am waterprofe," he said.

"You are a scoundrel, sir!" cried its owner, shaking his fist at him.

"Who's going to pay for my window?" demanded the shopman again.

"I won't!" yelled the old gentleman; "and I want my hat."

"P'raps," said Ching-Ching, looking round upon the crowd, "dere am some kind and genelous hearts in de middle ob dis popplelation as may make up de sum. Don't let dis ole genlyman be a sufferer by one lilly mistake ob a lifetime. Here, Sammy, I will make a colleckleshum, and put in a lilly myself to begin wif."

Utterly regardless of his private purse, Ching-Ching dashed in a penny, and passed the hat round.

"Just 'member dis, some ob you," he said, "you may not always hab de oppletunity ob helping a sufflin genlyman wif him hat—not waterprofe, I tink you say, sir?"

"I said nothing, confound you!" snarled the party addressed.

"A sufflin ole genlyman wif him hat in a tank," pursued Ching-Ching; "so you dat hab any loose silber or gold, put him in, and receive de reward ob a peaceful consince."

But the crowd did not seem to see it, and Ching-Ching's penny received the company of one additional penny only, and that was given by a weak-minded female, who was under the idea that the old gentleman was ill, and wanted brandy and water.

"And dis am all?" said Ching-Ching, mournfully. "It would be a gross insult to offer dat sum to my frien' wifout de hat." Here he put the two coins into his pocket. "Come away, Sammy. I feel bery bad when I look upon a nation ob indlewidders wifout feeling for—for—wifout feeling for a man—wif—wif—a wet hat."

"Stop!" cried the shopman. "Not so fast, my friend."

"Merial," said Ching-Ching, drawing back with lofty dignity, "don't lay a lilly finger on me. Hab you de lease notions ob who I am? Sammy, tell dat man my name."

"Ching-Ching," said Samson; "dat am your name."

"King what?" said the shopman, who had not quite caught the words.

"King Chin," he said, "cried the shop-boy who had betrayed our friend."

"King Cheek, he means," suggested a beery-faced man in a suit of clothes that



might have fetched fourpence; "lock him up."

"That I will," said the shopman; "where are the police? Oh! here's one officer."

"Yes, sir," replied the advancing policeman, elbowing his way to the front.

"Officer, I have had my window broken."

"Yes, sir."

"And that man broke it," pointing to the immovable Ching-Ching.

"All right," said Ching-Ching, holding up his arms, "put on de chains, and lead me to de scaffel. I neber touch dat winder."

The circumstances were given to the officer, who listened sagely and shook his head.

"You had better summon them both," he said; "that's the way, sir."

"Dat de way," said Ching-Ching; "slummon both."

"Take down their addresses, sir."

"So I will," said the shopman.

"And I'll summon this rascal for my hat," said the old gentleman.

"Bery good," said Ching-Ching; "I abide by de incision."

The old gentleman gave his address—Mr. Thomas Puggle, Acacia Villa, Turnham Green—but when they came to Ching-Ching matters were a little more complicated.

"Which 'dress will you hab?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" demanded the shopman.

"De 'dress I hab here, or dat ob my natif climber?"

"Take 'em both, sir," suggested the policeman.

"All right," said the shopman. Now, sir, your address at home?"

"Number two thousand nine hundred and eleben, ten doors off from de remperor's first cousin, in Pekin," said Ching-Ching.

"That's no address," said the shopman.

"Give him the street or square," suggested the policeman.

"Dere am no street and no square in Pekin," said Ching-Ching.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Pekin all one, in a row. Sammy ready to swar to it."

"Take his address here," said the officer, a little overcome.

"Windsy," said Ching-Ching.

"Windsy—what's that?" demanded the shopman.

"Am you a raddlical?" asked Ching-Ching, "dat you do not know whar your queen lib? Windsy Castle, dat de place. Me and de Prince Sammy Samson hab partlements dere."

"Gammon!" cried the man in the dirty suit; "lock 'em both up."

"Officer," said the shopman, "lock them up."

"Well, sir—ahem!" replied the policeman, "I don't think I can. You see, sir, the law's this—"

"Bother the law; isn't my window broken?"

"Quite true, sir; but you see when a party—"

"I tell you my window's broken, and I'll lock them up."

"Still, sir, if you'll let me point out—"

"No, I won't. Do as you are bid, and I'll take the consequences."

"Very good, sir; but still if—"

"Officer, will you take the charge, or will you not?"

"All right, sir. Why, where—"

Ching-Ching and Samson were both gone, having stolen away during the discussion which had attracted the attention of the crowd. No man had seen them go. The only person who had marked their departure was the feeble-minded woman who had contributed the penny, and she had followed them up with the hope of regaining her property.

But the two fugitives were moving rapidly, and glided in and out of the crowd of people so rapidly that she speedily lost them, and, railing against the depravity of human nature, she hastened home.

Bill Grunt was smoking by the fire when Samson and Ching-Ching entered their apartment, and the old boatswain, who seemed to be laboring under a sense of injury, eyed them with great disdain.

"How's Mr. Harry?" he asked.

"Berrer," replied Ching-Ching, "and he wished to be kindly 'membered to you."

"Werry much obliged," said Bill, a little mollified; "it's kind o' you to bring it."

"I am always kind to you and Eddard," said Ching-Ching; "whar am he?"



Bill rose to reply, but before he could speak the door opened and Tom True entered the room.

"Sit still," he said. "I bring a message to you from Sir Harry."

CHAPTER XI. 187

EDDARD'S WRONGS.

Ching-Ching, who was always polite, handed Tom a chair, and then sat down himself. Tom, who only leaned upon the back of it, and seemed to be in a great hurry, merely said:

"You are all to remain here until you hear from us. All expenses will be paid, and if any of you want pocket money you are to apply to Mrs. Mant, who has instructions to distribute a certain sum among you."

"Dis generalosity am more dan mortal," murmured Ching-Ching.

"Do not wander away, or leave this place for more than twenty-four hours at a time," continued Tom, "and keep out of all disturbances."

"Yes, William," said Ching-Ching, "keep out ob all disturblences."

"My remarks," said Tom, turning upon the sage counselor, "are applied to you in particular."

"To me, Missa Tom?"

"Yes, to you; so don't come any of your humbug. Now, heed me—keep out of trouble, and be ready to start at the moment you are wanted."

"Yes, Missa Tom; but how came you eber to arribe at de concluding dat I am to keep out ob——"

"Oh, yes, we perfectly understand you, Ching-Ching. Good-by."

He went out, and Ching-Ching sank into a chair and fanned himself vigorously.

"How eber Missa Tom came to dat way ob tinkin'," he said, "I hab not de least notions, unless you hab been committing ob yourself, Missa William Grunt."

"Wot do you mean?" demanded Bill. "This comes well from the likes o' you, when I think o' Eddard lying on his lonely bed."

"Wurra dat to do wif me?" asked Ching-Ching.

"Come and see him," said Bill, rising up like a man prepared to confound his enemies; "come and see Eddard."

Space is limited in London, and Eddard's sleeping apartment was an attic at the top of the house, scarcely large enough to swing the familiar cat in. His bed, a chair, the wash-stand and the three visitors quite filled it.

Eddard was lying in bed, with brown paper and vinegar over his forehead and his left eye. His lower lip had a great swelling in it, so that he had a pouting aspect, which, with the addition of the glare in the one eye he had at liberty, gave him a very sulky, ferocious aspect.

"Oh! what am all dis?" cried Ching-Ching, overcome with grief, which was rather too demonstrative to be sincere; "what am all dis?"

"It's a good question to come from you," said Eddard.

"That it is," added Bill Grunt.

"What hab I to do wif it?" asked Ching-Ching, "when Sammy and me hab been watching by de side of Missa Harry?"

"It ain't wot you've done lately," returned Eddard, "but it's wot you're allus doin'. William, tell him how it come about."

"Ah! fren William, let us hear 'bout de misforten ob fren Eddard."

"Don't call me your friend," snarled Eddard, kicking his legs about under the counterpane.

"You may not be my fren," returned Ching-Ching, gently, "but I am your fren, for life; Sammy know dat."

"Sammy be blowed!" growled Eddard. "Go on, William."

"Larst night," began Bill, "we, Eddard and me, was in a public, which the sign was the Goose—that was the sign, I think, Eddard?"

"The Goose and Boots, William."

"Ah, yes, the Goose and Boots; and not to mix ourselves up with everybody, we went into the bottle-and-jug door, and Eddard calls for two rums, hot."

"He called for two rums hot, Sammy," said Ching-Ching, as if desirous of impres-



sing that important part of the story upon his friend's mind.

"It ain't the drinks as need be heeded," continued Bill Grunt, "but wot follered. Eddard was a-stirring his, and I was a-mashing up the sugar, when a man came into the next box and called for a half-pint of four half-and-half. That man wore a fur cap."

A twinkle of intelligence came into Ching-Ching's eyes, but it quickly subsided again, and Bill Grunt went on.

"That party in the fur cap," he said, "was a-tilting up his pewter, when he caught sight of us, and without a word—by your leave or with your leave—he stops drinking, and chucks the pot at Eddard's head. It caught him bang in the eye, and Eddard went down on his back. Afore I could pick him up the party came round and laid into him heavy."

"The party came round, Sammy," explained Ching-Ching, "out ob one door and into de bottle and juggle departlement."

"You needn't be so pertikler about them points, Mister Ching-Ching," said Bill Grunt; "it's Eddard as we have to think on. The way that fur-cap chap let into him was a wonder, and he was a-turning on me when the landlord and the barman jumped over the bar and held him in. 'Don't stop me,' he ses; 'I'll have the life of the lot—the Chaneyman, the nigger, and these two busted blue-jackets. I've been half murdered by 'em several times, and I'll take it out of 'em now.' That's wot he sed; but as I couldn't remember him then, I denies all about it, and, the police being sent for, I gives him in charge, and picked Eddard up."

"Fren William pick up fren Eddard," again explained Ching-Ching, to the great exasperation of the narrator and the victim lying in bed.

"We went straight afore a magistrate," continued Bill, "and made the charge. Eddard showed his black hye, then only coming up, and no color to speak on, and the landlord supported him; so did I. Then the magistrate asked the fur-cap party wot he meant by it. 'Wot do I mean by it?' he ses. 'Only this—that them two chaps, and a Chaneyman, and a nigger, knocked me down

at Drury Lane Theatre, jumped on me, pounded me, and I was laid up in the orspital for six weeks.' That warn't true," continued Bill; "but I remembered him then at the theayter, and knowed that you had been down on that fur cap party."

"De party wore a fur cap," further explained Ching-Ching. "You know what a fur cap am, Sammy?"

"No, me don't quite know, Chingy," said Samson.

"A fur cap," said Ching-Ching, "am a cap made ob fur."

"Oh, what humbug it is," growled Bill; "never mind the fur cap, but just listen to wot follered. When the chap in the dock had finished, one of the perlice as was in the court volunteers to come forrard and support him, and as he got inter the box I sees and knows the man as you riled by dodging him round the monnymment in Trafalgar Square."

"De monlyment was in 'Trafalgy Square Sammy," said Ching-Ching.

"I 'member him," returned Samson.

"So do I," growled Eddard; "the back of my 'ed was nigh broken in."

"That perliceman," continued Bill Grunt, with emphasis, "came forrard and denounced us. He put his 'elmet on the bottom of the witness-box, and 'aving kissed the book, he up and swore that we was all the most drunken, riotous lot in the whole city of London, and he also said as he was on the lookout for you, Mister Ching-Ching. Then he went down."

"Dat perliceman went down, Sammy; down out ob de box."

This persistent recapitulation of small items was so trying to Bill Grunt and the wounded Eddard that both were on the point of breaking out, when Ching-Ching asked what was the end of it all.

"The party with the fur cap was set free," said Bill, "and the magistrate sed as he left the dock without a stain on his character. Then he ordered us to stand forrard, and, shaking his forefinger at us, he said, 'Now, understand this, my men—if ever you come before me again, I'll imprison you, without a fine, and I recommend you both to go home and sign the pledge. Officer, see them out of the vicinity of the court.'"



"De wicinity ob de court, Sammy," exclaimed that persistent fellow, Ching-Ching, "am de districk which am de nearest to de front door. I 'member once——"

"We were showed, or rather shoved, out," continued Bill Grunt, "and a mob o' people, headed by the party in the fur cap, hooted us so that we had to run for it, and get into a four-wheeled cab, and somebody threwed a brick at us and broke a winder, for which me and Eddard had to pay ten and six. But we got home at last, and Eddard took to his bed, where you see him now."

"Yes, I see him," said Ching-Ching, "and I tink dat Sammy see him, too."

"Me see him," confirmed that wonderful witness.

"But what do you think on it?" asked Bill. "What do you think of yourself?"

"I tink dat de maddlestrate ought to be slummoned for deflamation ob chaleckter," replied Ching-Ching, "and dat fren Eddard hab got 'bout de worse eye dat I eber see, 'cept de one dat my grandfarder gib to de man wif de muffins, who allus come and ring de bell just when my grandfarder was doing him forty chinks after dinner."

"But look here," argued Bill, "you know you brought this on Eddard, and it's only right that you should admit it. He ain't spiteful, but the way that he's been knocked about——"

"Fren William," said Ching-Ching, "de way dat he hab been knocked about was a credit to him. Fren Eddard am one ob de few men dat look well in a black eye, and if he was to get up now and walk up de street, all de servant gals would rush out ob de airy steps and kiss him. Wif a lilly more brown paper and some fresh vinegar, de very ladies who let de partlements would trow demselves on him manly bosom."

"They ain't given to do that at the best o' times," said Eddard.

"Oh, Missa Cutten—fren Eddard," returned Ching-Ching, "dat am your moddesty. Now, dere am one lubly creetur in dis house who used to look at me, but now she say, 'Git away, you ugly squirmer, and send my Eddard to me;' dat what she say, and de party am not de serbant gal."

"Then it must be Mrs. Mant," said Ed-

dard, swallowing the whole fib, head and tail.

"It not for me to expose de weakness ob de gentler sect," replied Ching-Ching; "but at de same time I not tell an untrufe 'bout it."

"I think I'll get up," said Eddard.

"Don't," urged Ching-Ching; "if she see you wif dat eye she am lost to me for eber. Wait until it am well, and give me a fair chance."

"I've been in bed two days," said Eddard, "and I must get up."

"Bery well," sighed Ching-Ching; "but it was eber dus in childish hour—I neber lub a lilly flower but it de fust to run away. Oh, Sammy, when dat dear ole creetur, Mrs. Mant, hab gone ober to fren Eddard, what am dere lef' for me? Come downstairs dis bery moment, and gib me some water to drink."

## CHAPTER XII. / 158

### THE SEARCH ENDED.—CONCLUSION.

In a room at the hotel sat Harry Sir Darnley, Ira and Ximena, a look of sadness on the faces of all.

Suddenly Tom entered and said:

"I have just received word from nearly all the agents sent out to examine the various insane asylums and see if Juanita is confined in any of them, and so far no trace of her can be found."

"You did not come here simply to tell us that?" asked Sir Darnley.

"No, sir. One asylum after another has been closely watched, and it is my firm conviction that Juanita is not in any one of them, at least not in any within a hundred miles, and I am almost certain that she is not in one, and has not been."

"What do you mean, Tom?" cried Harry, starting up. "Your words seem to inspire a sudden hope in my breast. They say that sudden joy kills, but if you have any good news, tell it. I am sure I can bear it."

"I think that the story of Juanita's being in an asylum was a mere subterfuge," continued Tom, "and that she never was in one,



but that Don Salvo took her from the lunacy agents after she had been removed from this house."

"That might be so. I never thought of that," said Harry; "but at such a time one seldom has a clear head."

"Juanita has not been found," Tom went on, "but Don Salvo has."

"Yes!" cried all.

"Yes. He has been seen in the neighborhood of Richmond. At the same time I learn that two strangers have taken an old house, long uninhabited, on the river, but that no one ever leaves the place except at night, and that there seems to be a great mystery about the whole establishment."

"I have it!" cried Harry. "The don has taken this house and is keeping Juanita hidden until we give up the search. He thinks that, so near London, he is safe from detection. Then, when we are tired out with our fruitless search and relax our vigilance, he will quietly slip away, to Spain, to America, anywhere. Now is the time to act. We must hasten to Richmond at once. You and I, Tom, will keep together, Ira and Ximena can form another party and Sir Darnley can go alone. The others must be left in London, as they would be recognized at once by Don Salvo. We must all disguise ourselves, but, in case we meet and wish to exchange communications, the simple word 'Belvedere' will be enough to identify us."

"Good!" said Tom. "Come, let us start at once. I propose that we go separately and in different directions, with Richmond as our ultimate destination. This place may be watched, and it is, therefore, best to employ caution."

If there were spies watching the house they would hardly suspect that the two old gentlemen, evidently from the country, who left in an hour, were Harry and Tom, or that the two young swells, dressed in the latest fashion and caring nothing for money, were Ira and Ximena, but such was the fact.

Sir Darnley assumed no disguise, but after the others had gone he took a cab for Euston station, quite in a contrary direction to that taken by the others.

The two young men took a train for Brighton, and the two farmers started for Yarmouth, but neither of the travelers went

more than a few miles in the direction first taken, all managing to finally reach Richmond at various times and in different disguises from those at first worn.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the river lay bathed in the silvery light, while along the shore twinkled red, blue and yellow lights from the villas on the banks or in the boats gliding along the shore.

In midstream, drifting lazily with the current, was a wherry containing two young gentlemen dressed as midshipmen, and, as there were several ships stationed at London at that time, their presence was by no means strange.

Down stream they drifted, only now and then using their oars and finally, passing the town, they rowed almost to the bank, and then, keeping in the shadow, rowed more briskly.

The hour grew late and the moon was almost down when one of the rowers rested on his oars and said:

"That must be the house, Harry, but it is strange that no sign of life can be seen."

"Yes, but perhaps it is early yet. Let us wait, Tom. Here in the shadow we will not be observed and we can see all that goes on."

Not far away loomed up the deserted villa, with a beautiful lawn stretching before it right to the water's edge, where there was a little landing and a boat-house.

The place seemed utterly dead, there being no lights in or about the place, and Harry and Tom were beginning to despair of seeing one when there suddenly floated upon the silent air of midnight the sweet, rich tones of a clear soprano voice, singing an old-fashioned serenade.

"Hark!" whispered Tom.

"'Tis she!" said Harry. "That is Juanita's song. I have heard her sing it a hundred times."

"It comes from yonder tower window. We were right; this is the house where the poor girl is kept a prisoner by the cruel Don Salvo."

"She shall be a prisoner no longer," hissed Harry. "Come, we can land here and proceed at once to the villa."

They left their boat at the landing place



and hurried at once across the lawn, but they had not gone far before an old man came out of a lodge on the edge of the grounds and said in a cracked voice:

"Young gentlemen, I fear you are trespassing or have lost your way. What place do you seek?"

"We want the Belvedere villa," said Harry, with a sudden inspiration.

"Right!" said the old man, suddenly changing his tone. "I see you have located the place. Did you hear Juanita?"

"Ira!" whispered Tom.

"Yes."

"You are here, too?" asked Harry. "Where is Ximena?"

"She is the housemaid and I am the porter. We had some trouble to get the places, as the don seemed suspicious."

"And Sir Darnley?"

"Is watching the house from the street."

"Come on, then; there is no time to lose."

The voice in the upper room had suddenly ceased, but Harry no longer needed it to guide him, and he, Tom and Ira hurried toward the house.

They entered the lower part and found Ximena, whom Harry was at first scarcely able to recognize, in her smart housemaid's dress and cap.

"The upper part of the house is locked," said Ximena, "and only Don Salvo goes there."

"Then we will force an entrance," cried Harry, drawing a pistol. "Lead the way, and do you, Ira, signal to Sir Darnley from one of the windows."

They hurried upstairs, but at the second landing a light suddenly flashed in their eyes and the don, his face inflamed with rage, suddenly appeared from a front room, a lamp in his hand.

"How dare you intrude in my house?" he demanded. "Leave at once or I will have you ejected by the police."

"Don Salvo," cried Harry, "you have made my wife a prisoner and I demand her instant release or it is you who will find yourself in the hands of the police."

"Never!" cried the don furiously. "I will destroy you all and myself first."

He raised the lamp above his head and dashed it upon the floor, where it broke into

a hundred pieces, the oil pouring out and instantly igniting from the burning wick.

Tom and Harry seized the infuriated man, while Ira and Ximena rushed into the nearest room, tore down the heavy hangings at the doors and windows and quickly covered the flames with them.

The don, foaming at the mouth and utterly beside himself with passion, suddenly broke away from his captors, made a mad dash at Harry and then, suddenly reeling, fell backward heavily upon the floor and lay quite still.

Meanwhile the flames had been extinguished before they had done any great amount of damage and Ximena had admitted Sir Darnley and two policemen.

He carries the key of the door leading upstairs in his pocket," said Ira, hastily bringing out another light.

Harry bent over the prostrate form of the don and suddenly exclaimed:

"He is dead! The excitement was too much for him. Heart disease has killed him."

"Say, rather, the vengeance of heaven," said Sir Darnley in a solemn voice.

The body was quickly removed to the room lately occupied by the don, laid upon the bed and covered from sight.

Then Harry quickly released Juanita, and the two happily reunited lovers fell into each other's arms, embraced fondly and left the house, where Ira remained as a guard and to arrange matters with the authorities.

There was no longer any obstacle to the complete happiness of Handsome Harry and his beautiful bride, for, the don being dead, there was now no one to oppose them.

Don Salvo was buried in London in a quiet church yard, and at last a life of wild passion was over and the lovers need fear nothing from his anger.

Ira married Ximena, and Sir Darnley, true to his promise, found a worthy wife for Tom, and one more of the brave hearts whose fortunes we have followed was made happy.

Sir Harry retired to his grand estates in the west of England, and there lived for twenty years in complete happiness, surrounded by his faithful friends, among



whom were counted the wonderful Ching-Ching, the powerful Samson and those two old cronies, Bill Grunt and Eddard Cutten, and now; having seen him safe through his

many adventures, trials and final triumph, let us take a fond farewell of our brave young friend, HANDSOME HARRY OF THE FIGHTING BELVEDERE.

[THE END.]

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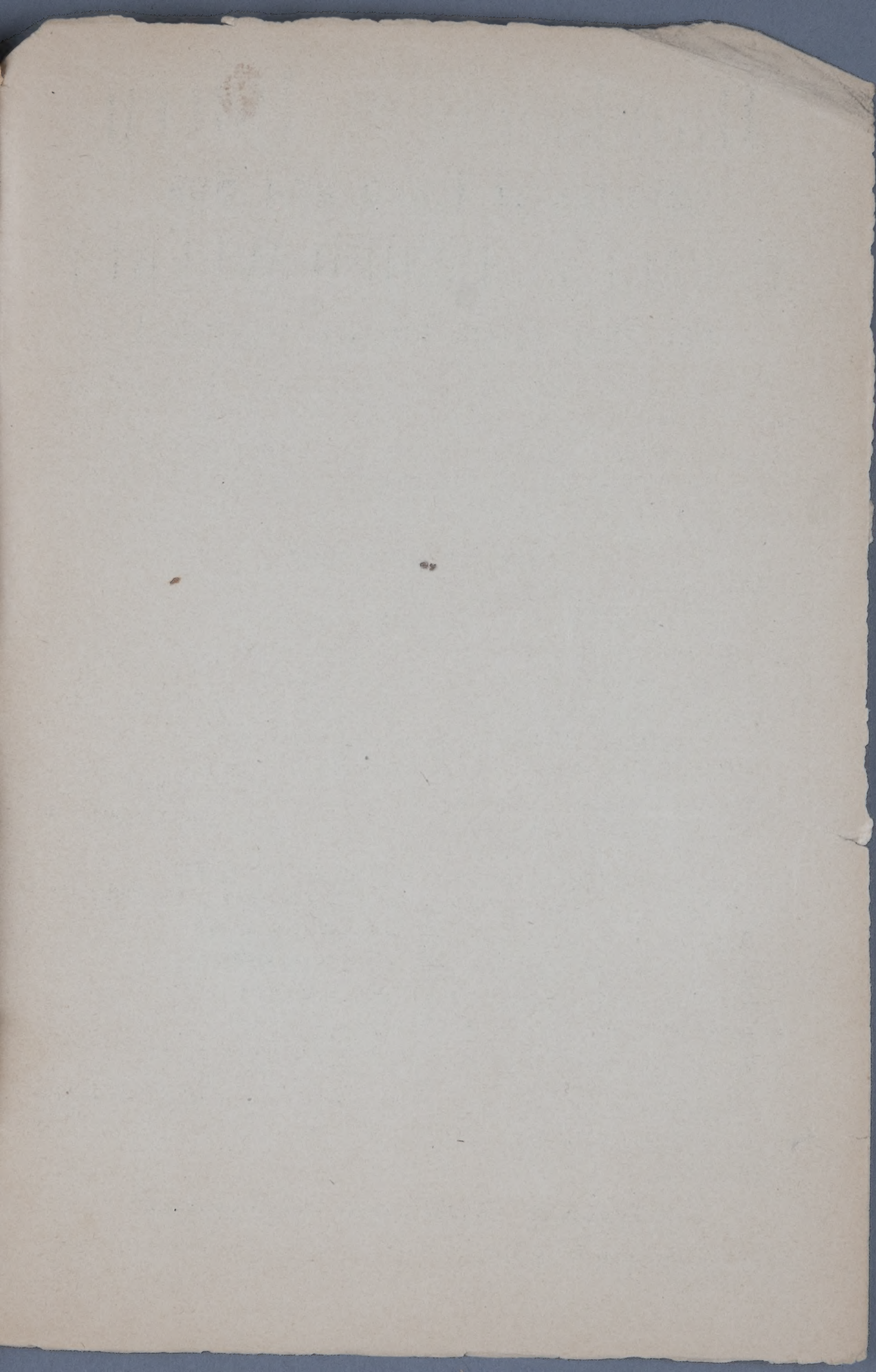
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